

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI.

AUGUST, 1877.

No. 4.



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Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

MONTHLY RECORD

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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LIVING BY FAITH.

WE have often heard of institutions entirely maintained by donations which come to them without personal solicitation, and have been wondering whether, after all, the House of Industry is not as truly supported by faith as those which claim to be. The largest institution in the world, supported by voluntary contributions, is the Orphan House at Bristol, England, managed by Mr. Geo. Muller. The recital of the wonderful deliverances from debt, the receipt of means for support are very touching, and it is claimed that all is accomplished through the implicit trust of the founder, who has never personally asked men for donations, but has taken his wants directly to God. We had in our hands recently a pamphlet published by Mr. Muller, and we understand that it is circulated widely. The pamphlet tells the story of the work, abounds in incidents and particulars of cases coming under the care of the Institution, and is, in short, one of the best appeals which could be possibly issued. The question arises at once, whether, after all, the most effective means are not used, and, if so, whether it can be truly said that the institution is supported wholly without worldly methods. We have heard of other institutions in this country who claim to be supported by faith, but do not know of any who do not issue some statement of their

work, which is of the nature of an appeal, except it be the nameless one referred to by the *Tribune*, in the article published elsewhere in this number of the RECORD. It is many years since the House of Industry has employed a paid agent to solicit funds, and yet we have hardly felt we were wholly supported by faith. We do most thoroughly believe that the work of the House of Industry is a necessary one and that it has the approval of God. We cannot but feel that He is interested in the welfare of the hundreds of little ones who are sheltered and clothed here each year and we do not doubt as long as we are doing the Lord's work He will support us,—yet we use means to make our work known. This RECORD is a very potent agency in reminding friends of our cause and we use the press, as well as make statements in our chapel, or wherever we are invited to speak of the work. Our treasury is often exhausted, but still we work on, in the belief that “in some way or other the Lord will provide.” If, by the above statement, our methods are really methods of faith then we are supported by faith.

WHERE ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.—*Danbury News*.

HE who can find no time to consult the Bible will find one day that he has time to be sick ; he who has no time to pray must have time to die ; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin ; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail.—*Hannah More*.

How many passages slumber in the Bible and in otherscriptures, and have no voice for us until they are awakened by the thunder of some present exigency, the sudden silence of some present sorrow or regret. We all remember how, in the troublous times of the late civil war, we nourished our patriotism and our courage, our hatred of tyranny and oppression, our sense of justice, with the grand words of Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah. We had read with much complacency that command to Pharaoh in the Book of Exodus, “Let my people go ;” but there came a day when Sumner spoke it at the capitol and it was as fresh and good as if it had not bided its time for well-nigh thirty centuries. That minister was a very careless reader of his Bible who could not easily startle his people of a Sunday morning with words which, but for the ring and music in them, would have seemed the offspring of the crisis that was then upon us. In Bible phrase we mourned for our defeats, we rejoiced over our victories, we lamented our sins, we lifted up our hearts to holier aspirations. In the fierce heat of the moment the whole Bible became fluid, and received the stamp of every mood that fell upon our spirits.—*Rev. J. W. Chadwick*.

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.

Yes, I've been deacon of our church
Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of dooty, too,
And kep' my conscience clear.
I've watched the children growin' up,
Seen brown locks turnin' gray,
But never saw such doin's yet
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord,
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight;
Folks could not then afford
Carpets and cushions and sech like—
The seats were jest plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones;
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand,
To hear the leader start the tunes,
With tunin'-fork in han' !
Then good old "China," "Mear," and all,
Were heard on Sablath-days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
Jest eight feet from the ground
They reared it—on either side
A narrer stairs went down;
The front and ends were fitly carved
With Scrip'ter stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Jest room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge
I'll own I *did* get narvous when
He shoved it to the edge.
There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scripture to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And fought agens't 'em too;
But first a choir was interdooced,
Then cushings in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor;
And then, that very year,
We got our new Melodeoon,
And the big shandy-leer.

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight—
I went to ev'ry meetin',
And voted "No," to all they said,
But found my influ'ce fletin'.
At last the worst misfortin fell—
I *must* blame Deacon Brown:
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifying';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
He looked a'most like flyin';
Said, that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half-way up had tarried;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made an end—
Excuse my feelin's. Seems to me
As ef I'd lost a friend.
"It makes their necks ache, lookin' up,"
Was what the folks did say:
More lookin' up would help us all
In this degen'rate day.

The church won't never seem the same
(I'm half afeared) to *me*,
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be;
And now to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With just a railin' round his desk—
I don't believe I can!

—Harper's Magazine.

FAITH AND CHARITY.

HERE is a little story which came to us the other day, and which, if it is not news, either political or marketable, has the merit, which news rarely claims, of being absolutely true. Near a neighboring city there is a little house, an asylum for children founded by one or two good women, and kept up from day to day by voluntary contributions. It is a rule with these women never to ask for help

in their work from anybody except that One who has promised to care for the fatherless child. Business men are apt to look upon this system of faith and prayer charity as an insecure sort of capital ; yet it is a curious fact that two of the largest orphan asylums in the country are supported in this way, and have increased until thousands of helpless little ones have been sheltered and fed and clothed in them, during years in which the shrewdest business men have seen their fortunes wrecked at that in the most careful and safest investments.

A Winter or two ago the director of this little home issued a statement of her receipts and expenditures, for the satisfaction of those who had given help to it during the year. It fell into the hands of a wealthy man living some miles away from the home, who glanced over it and threw it aside. No help was asked, and it did not occur to him to offer any. A month or two later, one bitter night the manager found herself absolutely without a morsel of food to give the children for breakfast. There was not even flour nor bread in the house. Institutions of a similar kind have their settled funds from which to draw, or friends to whom to appeal. These women had no money, and but the one Friend to whom to turn. The night was stormy, it was late, the children would waken hungry ; their hearts almost failed them. But they went to their Friend. Before they rose from their knees a carriage drove to the door, from which when they went out the coachman—without a word—began to unpack meat, bread, provisions of every kind. Bundles of clothing followed. It was like a fairy-tale or one of Dicken's Christmas stories. At last a lady held out an envelope in which was a bank note for a substantial sum, and the carriage drove away through the snow without a word being spoken.

All this was mysterious enough. But the explanation was simple. The banker was toasting his feet before going to bed at his library fire, thinking how glad he was to be indoors, when his daughter came in and said, after the inconsequent manner of women, how cold it was outside and how warm and cozy she had been in her own chamber, and how it had set her to thinking of people who were cold and hungry, and that she thought she could sleep better if she could make some one who needed help as warm and happy as herself. The father was a practical man. He remembered the little home for children, but told her to-morrow would be time enough to look it up. The daughter was unpractical, and insisted that to-night was the time. The water began to come into her eyes. So the father gave up, of course, and put the note in the envelope as his contribution to the foolish adventure.

We do not tell the story as an appeal for this asylum, for it does not ask for help. But there are children who are orphans, and hungry children and children who need help in soul and body, and mothers praying God for help for them everywhere. They are close to our readers, wherever they may be, and now is the time to help them, not to-morrow. The story seems to belong to Winter weather and Christmas. But the little children are here with the roses as with the snow, and help will come to them all the more gracious and sweet if it come in the Summer time which Christ loved so well. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

MOMENTS of triumph are not always moments of happiness. — *Mrs. Ellis.*

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?

I WOULD not vainly choose
 What road shall lead me up the holy mountain,
 What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
 Nor willing be to lose
 The guidance of the Hand that e'er has led
 In ways I knew not, but with mercies spread.

When I am called to die,
 To yield my spirit to his sacred keeping,
 To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
 I fain would not belie
 My trust in him who doeth all things well,
 Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

If gentle be he call,
 If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
 Like dimmest daystreak of the early morning
 Tipping the pine trees tall,
 And brighter growing till the red East shines
 With fullest glory on the glowing pines.

How grateful should I feel!
 That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
 Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,

Might linger to reveal
 The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil—
 Like odors evening only can exhale

If sudden be the stroke,
 If all unheralded his solemn coming,
 Like flash, fast followed by the thunder's booming
 That scathes the skyward oak,
 While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
 In awe of the swift messenger of death.

How blest the favored lot!
 A lot to few departing spirits given,
 Painless to pass from earth and sin to heaven.
 Oh! surely it were not
 Departure we should dread, at once to rise
 On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
 And whether speedy messenger obeying,
 Or waiting, patiently, my Lord's delaying
 To summon me to rest,
 On his dear love my willing trust would dwell;
 He knowest best he doeth all things well.

—Thomas D. James.

ARE WE DENOMINATIONAL?

THE question is often asked, and we have often replied, but there is still an impression that we may be, as will be seen by the following note :

C——, July 17, 1877.

MR. BARNARD :

Dear Sir :—Will you spend a moment in answering as to the denomination of the Five Points House of Industry. It has been suggested by one of your city ministers that, as we are *Presbyterian*, our S. S. may better build over against our own wall. We have always supposed, if we thought at all, that your Mission was undenominational, and for my own satisfaction I put the question. Please address

Mrs. G—— H——.

We have been reported as either under Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, or Methodist control, and we are sorry to say have heard of a statement, by a gentleman who knows better, but who was pressing the claims of another institution, that we were sectarian in our management.

We are *not denominational*. Sec. 1 of the By-Laws of the House of Industry, concerning members of the society, adopted March 17, 1854, reads, "n t more than one-fourth of the whole number

shall at one and the same time belong to the same religious denomination." All of the principal denominations of the Protestant faith have been represented in our Board of Incorporators who govern the institution, and our contributors are as varied in their faith as there are sects. In regard to our religious training, apart from our day school, Sec. 3 of our articles of Incorporation reads,

III. To imbue the objects of its care with the pure principles of Christianity, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, without bias from the distinctive peculiarities of any individual sect.

We appeal, then, to all who believe in lifting up the degraded and lowly to a better life, and teaching them the Christianity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and are not governed in the interest of any denomination.

SAID a lady recently, on listening to our appeal, "Why, I didn't know you could use such articles of clothing, and now that I do you may hear from me." Are there not others like her who only need to know how valuable cast-aside garments are to us in order to help fill our wardrobe? Clothing in which there is a particle of goodness, shoes to which a sole or patch can cling, we can use and shall be glad to have. Will not our friends spread the information?

How vain it is to turn our eyes away from the truth, whatever it may be. There can be no better enjoyment than to find out all that can be known by each one of us, touching the sin which doth so easily beset him. Be this our prayer: "That which I see not, teach thou me. If I have done iniquity I will do so no more."—*Bishop Lay.*

A MOUNTEBANK may be in place in the ring of the circus, but he has no business in the pulpit; and all the learning he may possess, or all the eloquence he may display, will not make amends for the lack of propriety which he evinces. I know that some will fling at me the quotation about being "content to dwell in decencies forever;" but I protest that it is not needful to be dull in order to be decent, and I altogether deny that in order to do men good one must put on the cap and ring the bells of the fool. "It is pitiful to court a grin when we should woo a soul;" and however much we may enjoy the witticisms of the clown in other places, common sense says that the preacher, with the Word of God before him, and immortal souls seeking life and comfort at his lips, should at least be serious.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

BIRDIE AND I.

BIRDIE where are you going, dear.
In such haste?
Grapes are purpling far and near:
Stop and taste.

Apples are reddening on the bough,
Warm winds blow,
Never was world so pleasant as now:
Wherefore go?

Who has been filling your feathery head
With such dismay
That, with rudder-like tail and wings outspread,
You hurry away?

Surely if we big things and wise
See no cause
To flee from these blue and sunny skies
You might pause.

Pause for a little while and see,
'Tis autumn yet;
Winter is old and blind and he
May forget.

Mercy upon us! Birdie stops,
Winks his eye
Like a black bead, and nearer hops
To make reply.

"Big and silly, led by the nose
By a little blue
And little sun, not an owl but knows
Better than you.

"Winter 'forget,' indeed! Not he!
Any linnet
Would laugh at the foolish hope and see
Nothing in it.

Could you but see my nest safe swung
In the great fan palm,
With perfume flower-cups overhung
And breath of balm.

Great gold oranges close by
Ripen at will,
A single hop from my nest, and I
Can use my bill.

Do you think, with the prospect of such sweet
Sights and shapes,
I am likely to linger here and eat
Your sour grapes?

To see the roses pale and die,
And ice and snow
In the nests we built so lovingly
A while ago?

Not if I know it! Stay, if so
Your wisdom seems;
We birds, thank goodness, better know
What comfort means."

A flick, a whirl—he is off, is gone,
Lost in the sky.
And I shiver and think how sad to be
Too big to fly.

—Susan Coolidge, in *Independent*.

THE DISEASE OF MENDICANCY.

AN English paper, in some recent utterance, reminded the American nation of the appearance of an unmistakable evidence that it is growing old. It possesses "the tramp." The war left with us, as war always leaves in every country, a great number of men utterly demoralized. The hard times have cut them loose from remunerative work, and they have become rovers, nominally looking for employment, but really looking for life without it. They have lost their self-respect if they ever had any, lost their love of steady industry, lost all desire for independence, lost their sense of manhood and of shame, and have imbibed the incurable disease of mendicancy. We mistake the nature of the case entirely, if we suppose that better times and fair wages for all, would cure these men, and relieve the country of their presence and their support. Leprosy is not more incurable than mendicancy. When the disease has once fastened it-

self upon a man,—when, through long months or years, he has willingly and gladly lived on the industry of others, and roamed around without a home,—he becomes a hopeless case, and nothing but the strong arm of the law can make him a self-supporting man.

The same is true of the dead-beat, who is only “the tramp” of the city. He is not so humble a man as the country tramp. He dresses better and supports himself by different methods. He is the man who wants to get to Boston or Baltimore, where he has friends. He is the man who has just arrived from the South, having run as far as New York to get away from the yellow fever, or whatever trouble may be in progress there at the date of his application. He is the man who wishes to get money to bury his wife or child. Or, he is about to receive funds, but is in a starving condition, and wants something to assist him in “bridging over.” If you happen to have been born in Vermont, he comes to you as a Vermonter. Perhaps he comes to you because you and he happen to have the same name. There is no end to the lies he can tell, and does tell. We have some very genteel and high and mighty dead-beats in New York, who never stoop to beg, but rise to borrow, and forget to pay. We know of one woman here, claiming to be productively literary, who apparently lives well on the funds which a bright and sweet-faced daughter borrows for her. Now all these people are hopelessly diseased. They can never be restored to sound manhood and womanhood. What is worse than all the rest is that they perpetuate their mendicancy through their families. So we have the tramps and the dead-beats, and the regular old-fashioned paupers, and they are all alike, with some exceptions, perhaps, in favor of the regular old-fashioned paupers; for now and then there is one of these who, much against his will, has been forced by circumstances into pauperism.

What are we to do with these people? How is this disease to be treated? These questions demand an early answer, for the evils to which they relate are increasing with alarming rapidity. There is the general feeling that they will take care of themselves, so soon as prosperous times shall return; but, as we have already said, this is a mistake. The dead-beat will never reform. The tramp will be a tramp for life, shifting from country to city as his comforts may demand, and ready to be led into any mischief which will give him grub and grog. There ought to be, this very winter, in every State in the Union, such laws passed as will restrain the wanderers, and force them to self-support in some public institution. A standing commission of vagrancy should be instituted in every large city, and every county in the land; and institutions of industry established for the purpose of making these men self-supporting, and of curing them of their wretched disease. We have lunatic asylums not only for the benefit of the lunatics, but for the relief of the community, and among the dead-beats and tramps we have an enormous number of men who are just as truly diseased as the maddest man in Utica, or at the Bloomingdale Asylum. Something must be done with them, and done at once, if we are to have any comfort by day or safety by night; for men who are so demoralized as to beg from choice, and lie by profession, have but to take a single step to land in ruffianism. Already they intimidate, and rob and murder, to get the means to support their useless lives.

It is only last year that we heard of a force of five hundred of them approaching a Western city, to the universal alarm of the inhabitants. The disclosures connected with the recent fraudulent registration in this city show how easy it is, under the lead of demagogues, to assemble them by tens of thousands at any point desired, and how readily they can be induced to perjure their souls for bread and beer. These facts menace both our homes and our liberties. It is not a tramp, here and there, such as we have at all times ; but it is an army of tramps that can be brought together on the slightest occasion, for any deed of rascality and blood which it may please them to engage in. The evil has come upon us so noiselessly—so almost imperceptibly—that it is hard for us to realize that we are tolerating, and feeding for nothing, a huge brood of banditti, who will ultimately become as monstrous and as disgraceful to our country and to Christian civilization as the banditti of Greece or Southern Italy.

The one fact which we wish to impress upon the people, and upon legislators, in this article, is, that the evil which we are describing and commenting upon is not one that will cure itself,—is not one that will be cured by returning national prosperity,—is not one that will be cured by driving tramps from one State into another,—and is a hopeless demoralizing mental disease. It must be taken hold of vigorously, and handled efficiently and wisely. There is not a month to be lost. Thus far in the history of the country we have been singularly free from any pauperism but that which we have imported from the great European repositories of pauperism. But matters have changed. The tramps are not all foreigners. They are, to a very considerable number, our own American flesh and blood, and unless we are willing to see the country drift into the condition of the older peoples of the world, where mendicancy has grown to be a gigantic burden and curse, and pauperism a thing of hopeless heredity, we must do something to check the evil, and do it at once.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

BUT God is never so far off
 As even to be near ;
 He is within ; our spirit is
 The home He holds most dear.
 To think of Him as by our side
 Is almost as untrue

As to remove His throne beyond
 Those skies of starry blue.
 So all the while I thought myself
 Homeless, forlorn and weary,
 Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
 Myself God's sanctuary.

—*Faber.*

At this season while so many people are congregated together at watering-places there is a good opportunity to remember the poor who are left behind. A word or two will frequently find ready contributors and we beg to suggest to our friends that the effort will be well worth the outlay if the House of Industry is remembered.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

O THOU, who uprearest the columns high
 Of the temple, Thy glory enfolding,
 To which we look with believing eye,
 Our God and our Father beholding;
 Thy glorious majesty and might
 Beam radiant in the morning light,
 And in the countless stars of night;
 All life is Thine, O Lord most high?
 To Thee alone all beings cry;
 "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Thine eye regards with sleepless care
 Whate'er Thy sovereign will doth fashion,
 Thy voice of love invites to share
 All men alike Thy sweet compassion.
 And every soul that follows thee
 In faith and love and true endeavor,
 With joy and praise and blessing free
 Cries: "Hallowed be Thy name" forever.

Eternal Father! Thou art love!
 Supreme all names, all powers above,
 Most holy is Thy throne;
 In peace eternal founded,
 By psalms of joy surrounded,
 All loyal hearts Thy sceptre own.
 Thou, Lord! Whose glorious realm of light,
 Is justice, love, and truth and right,
 "May Thy kingdom come."

Come angels from your lofty bowers,
 Our sin-curst earth in love exploring,
 Sow here the seeds of heavenly flowers,
 God's paradise again to earth restoring.
 Omnipotent wisdom! unspeakable grace!
 Holy and just are all thy ways,
 Though oftentimes dark to mental sight,
 We know and feel thy ways are right;

And thy gentle favor
 Waits on all whose love to thee is given.
 "May thy will be" ever
 "Done on earth as" done "it is in heaven."

Let fields be waving with ripened grain;
 Let trees with golden fruits be laden;
 Let flocks and herds our pastures range,
 Rich vines our hill-side slopes invading.
 With joy and thanksgiving
 All favors receiving,
 "Day by day our daily bread give us."

From heaven's high courts, from angels adorning,
 Earthward thou, Love incarnate! art bending,
 Lost rebels, restoring.
 Helpless and lost are all our race,
 Thou, O Christ! art truth and grace,
 Grace all thought transcending,
 Lift us from our low estate,
 Break sin's iron fetters,
 "And forgive us, Lord, our debts,
 As we forgive our debtors."

Lord, our trust and shield art thou,
 Mighty helper, help us now.
 Raise us, O Saviour, in body and spirit,
 Up to the mansions thy pure ones inherit.
 Far from shadows of death and the tomb
 We long for the dawn of the life to come,
 When, seeing and knowing thee face to face,
 We shall live in the light of thy radiant grace,
 "Leave us not to temptation
 But from the evil deliver;"
 For thou art Lord, and thou art God,
 Thou our Father;
 "And thine is the kingdom,
 The power and the glory thine
 Forevermore. Amen."

—From the German.

THE TRUE STORY OF "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."

THERE is hardly a child in the land who has not become familiar with the verses. And yet scarcely any one knows who is the author, or whether it is fictitious or founded on fact. It is, perhaps, in the truth of the story that the secret of its popularity lies. For it is the true account of an incident that happened sixty-one years ago, not fifty miles from the Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary," a delightful old lady of threescore and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer, on a recent visit, asked from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it as nearly as possible.

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and we lived on the farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with my father to see the cows and

sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Bread and Short-horn and Brindle, would low a Good Morning when I came to their stables. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all day. When night came I could not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settle, and I nursed the poor thing all night feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by the hand until it grew to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb was all right and securely fastened for the day.

Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found, and supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb hearing me, followed on and overtook us before we got to the school-house. As it happened, we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place before the patting of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed and the teacher laughed too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the woodshed till night. Now, that day, there was a young man in school, John Roulston by name, who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came as a spectator. He was a Boston boy and son of the riding-school master, and was fitting for Harvard College. He was very much pleased over what he saw in our school, and a few days after gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print I don't know."

Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her pet until it grew to be a sheep, and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little girl's stockings, knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been ravelled out and given away piecemeal as mementoes. No one can doubt that she, whose youth was rendered famous by love for an unfortunate animal, had lived a life of beneficence and charity. With a heart overflowing with love toward all God's creatures, she has indeed lived to care for the needy and destitute, and be a mother to the motherless. And now, in green old age, she is surrounded by those whom her warm heart long since taught to cling to her and follow as the lamb in her youth.—*William B. Sawyer, in Springfield Republican.*

THERE is nobody but eats and drinks, but there are few that can distinguish the flavor.—*Confucius.*

MONTHLY RECORD OF THE MEAL OR PEARL?

FOR sifting meal we use coarse sieves and finer ones ;
 From each new sieve the grain the finer, clearer runs.
 The coarsest meal is that which in the first is caught ;
 And that's the choicest which the last sieve captures not.
 Pearls, too, in several sieves, both coarse and fine, men sift ;
 But *here*, the best is that which in the first is left.
 Poorer and poorer still from sieve to sieve they're passed ;
 Poorest of all are those that linger in the last.
 If thou, then, art the *Pearl*, greatest is best of all ;
 But, if thou art the *Meal*, thou canst not be too small.

—*Ruckert, translated by C. T. Brooks.*

THANKS.

WHILE away for a rest, recently, we were spending some time at Nantucket, Mass., and in response to a suggestion of some ladies who were staying at the same house, and who wanted to know of our work, we gave an account of the operations of the House of Industry. All had heard of the Five Points, but few knew of its work in detail. For an hour we gave a general description of life here, and answered such questions as were propounded, and at the end a collection was suggested by a lady present and we had the pleasure of bearing with us their offering to the House of Industry. We are particularly indebted to Mrs. Geo. G. Fish for the use of the parlor of her house, and to Mrs. Griffith and Miss Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., Mrs. Col. Brinton, Mrs. Rhoades, Misses Buckley and Smith, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Kurtz and Mrs. Devens, of Boston, as well as to others, for their kindly appreciation of our work.

The following is cut from the local paper, the *Island Review*:

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

Last Wednesday evening the lady guests of Mrs. Geo. G. Fish invited Mr. Wm. F. Barnard, of this town, Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, New York, to explain to them the manner in which this institution is conducted, and the work which is carried on there. Mr. Barnard's remarks were highly interesting, and at the conclusion quite a handsome sum of money was contributed by the guests for the benefit of the institution. The gentleman returned to New York Thursday.

It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our forward hopes in this life, and tops the branches of our worldly joys to the very root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord, spoil my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved forever.—*Rutherford.*

A POTATO STORY WHICH BEGINS WITH A BEAN POLE.

MR. ROCKAWAY, being asked to tell one of his "ten-minute" stories, said : "If it will content you, I will tell you a story which begins with a bean-pole.

"Once there was a bean-pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a potato hill."

"Dear me!" cried a young cabbage growing near, "what a stiff, poky thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!"

But very soon a scarlet bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same bean-pole.

"All right!" cried the happy little bean. "You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my summer's work."

"Well, to be sure!" cried the young cabbage. "Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?"

The scarlet bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole just as easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at last, to make fun of the potato-plant.

"How sober you are!" said she. "Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?"

The poor potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blossoms.

"You don't mean to call those things flowers?" cried the frisky bean. "Just look at my beautiful blossoms!"—and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

The potato-plant kept quiet.

"What stupid, useless things," said young cabbage, "those potato-plants are and how much room they take up!"

Summer passed. The bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried to the potato-plant, down below. "Only see what I've done! There's a summer's work for you!" And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"Yes, why don't you do something?" cried cabbage. "Your summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness!"

The potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of 'Long Reds' appeared, her neighbors could hardly believe their senses.

"Dear me! what a surprise!" cried the bean. "So we can't always tell by appearances!"

"I declare!" cried the cabbage, "then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that bean—she hung her pods up high so everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: 'Wait, potatoes inside there, may be.'"

"There are a great many scarlet beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some potato-plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.—*Mrs. Diaz, in St. Nicholas.*

A TIFF.

SNIFF, sniff sniff !
 Little May is in a tiff.
 Snuff, snuff, snuff !
 Don't you think she's cried enough ?
 Pout, pout, pout !
 How her pretty lips stick out !
 Drop, drop, drop !
 Will the quick tears never stop ?
 Shade, shade, shade !
 I am very much afraid
 That she has forgotten quite
 To be sunny, sweet, and bright.

Creep, creep, creep !
 A little smile begins to peep.
 Oh, oh, oh !
 Now she is ashamed I know.
 Fie, fie, fie !
 Do not look so very shy.
 Peek, peek, peek !
 There's a dimple in her cheek !
 Run, run, run !
 Naughty clouds before the sun !
 Tears and trouble go away,
 From our happy little May.
 —Mrs. M. F. Butts.

CHURCHES AND CHARITIES IN N. Y. CITY.

MR. LEWIS E. JACKSON, Corresponding Secretary of the New York City Mission, furnishes us with the following information concerning the churches and charities of New York City.

It appears that there are, all told, of all denominations, 489 churches, chapels, and missions. That of this number, 396 are Protestant and Evangelical, with sittings for 275,000 men, women, and children. Of these 396 churches, 278 are regularly incorporated (the remaining being auxiliary chapels and missions) with an average membership of 300 each, which would give a total of more than 80,000 communicants and these would represent a Protestant population of 300,000 to 400,000 people more or less directly connected with the Protestant Church.

In reference to the charities of New York City, there are more than 300 religious and benevolent societies and institutions in the city, and the more prominent of these, as the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, etc., received in the aggregate over six millions of dollars (\$6,000,000) last year, while for the same period, the local societies received and disbursed four millions (\$4,000,000) of dollars.

A PERFECT contempt of the world, a fervent desire to go forward in virtue, the love of discipline, the painfulness of repentance, the readiness of obedience, the denying of ourselves, and the bearing of any affliction for the love of Christ patiently, will give great confidence—we shall die happy.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

PRECOCIOUS BOY, munching the fruit of the date tree : "Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

FRESH AIR.

WE have considered our large family very fortunate as regards health. In spite of the sickly season, which has developed scarlatina, whooping-cough, and diarrhœal complaints, all over the city, we have been quite free from severe cases and, at present writing, we have not a case of either disease in the House, and only one patient abed with sore eyes. Our chief scourge is scrofula, but it is not necessarily a fatal disease. We have lost by death but one child since March last and are decidedly grateful to God. Nevertheless quite a number of our family are looking pale and weak'y which can only be helped by a breath of country air. We had hoped that some good friend of ours somewhere would give us a country home this summer, for our children to spend a month or more on the green grass and under the clear sky, but we have not had that luxury. The Children's Aid Society have kindly invited our girls to go to their sea-side home for a week and they will go ; while the young ladies, scholars of the Elmwood House, Hadley, Mass., through their teachers, the Misses Porter and Champney, and Mrs. G. W. Powers and friends have contributed to a fresh-air fund which will take all our children to the Central Park. Thanks for all such favors.

WE still need money. Treasury overdrawn and still the cry is for bread and clothing.

IN spite of the warm weather all the visitors among the poor agree that there is great destitution in the city. We are applied to often for help and yet haven't it to give to any great extent.

Mrs. J. has for some time past been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago she became the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came up stairs in evident distress of spirit, whined in answer to the child's cry but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down-stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked, of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his hind legs, he gravely presented to the baby.

Money Received for Record, from June 28 to Aug. 1, 1877.

Bell, Mrs. S. J., Shrewsbury, N. J.,	\$ 5 00	Mabey, P. P., Bloomingdale, N. J.,	\$ 1 0
Combs, Grace, Danvers, Ill.,	1 00	Moore, Mrs. C. B., Champlain, N. Y.,	1 2
Eells, C. M., Nyack, N. Y.,	1 00	Synder, Henry,	1 00
Hoffman, Mrs. C. S.,	1 00	Stetson, Mrs. M. V. B., Champlain, N. Y.,	1 25
Hoyle, Mrs. George, Champlain, N. Y.,	1 25	Van Wagener, Mrs. M.,	2 00
Ketcham, H. B., Collections,	5 00	Whiteside, Mrs. Henry, Cambridge, N. Y.,	1 25

Money Received from June 28 to Aug. 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

Berard, Miss A. B., West Point, N. Y.,	\$10 00	Poor, Mrs. E. E., Hackensack, N. J.,	\$10 00
Brought by a gentleman for a lady whose name was mislaid,	2 00	Porter and Champney, Misses, scholars of, for fresh air, Hadley, Mass.,	11 50
B., Geo. F.,	100 00	Powers, Mrs. G. W., and friends, fresh-air fund for sick children,	10 00
Contributions of several ladies and gentlemen at the house of Mrs. G. G. Fish, Nantucket, Mass.,	8 55	Ripley, W. D., Royalston, Mass.,	2 00
Ellsworth, Mary A., W. Hartford, Ct.,	10 00	Ross Brothers, Leith, Canada,	10 42
Estate of Mrs. B. Hubbard, S. Ruliffson and H. Nichols, Jefferson, N. Y.,	3 00	Ross Brothers, Leith, Canada, Premium on gold donation,	1 06
Friend, So. Coventry, Ct.,	1 00	Sunday Eve Reading Circle, Tarrytown,	1 00
Friend,	75 00	Sunday collection, July 1st,	3 79
Friend, for Record, Nantucket, Mass.,	5 00	" " " 8th,	6 18
J. T. K., Ellington, Ct.,	2 00	" " " 15th,	4 29
Judson, Geo. T., Stratford, Ct.,	1 00	" " " 22nd,	1 63
		" " " 29th,	2 14

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from June 28 to Aug. 1, 1877.

A. I. P., Mrs.,	pkg. clothing.	Merchants' Lunch,	bread
Barrows, Mrs.,	pkg. clothing.	Mission Band, Roselle, N. J., through Mrs. S. C. Berdan,	bbbl. clothing.
Betts, Mrs. Geo. F.,	pkg. clothing.	Poor, Mrs. E. E., Hackensack, N. J.,	bbbl. clothing.
Bevier, G.,	pkg. clothing.	Qumby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H.,	papers.
Brush, A.,	50 lemons.	Ripley, H. P., Templeton, Mass.,	shoes.
Chafee, Miss P., Coventy Depot, Ct.,	bbbl. clothing.	Ripley, Mrs. W. D., Royalston, Mass.,	box clothing.
Cone, Mrs. W. E., Moodus, Ct., $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. clothing.		Rollins & Co.,	25 lemons.
Dean, Mathew & Co.,	50 lemons.	Seligmann Bros.,	25 lemons.
Eagle, Mrs. Com.,	2 pkgs. clothing.	Shaw, Mrs. H. G. and friends, Putnam, Ct.,	bbbl. clothing.
Finch, Mr.,	pkg. clothing.	Swinton, Mrs.,	pkg. clothing.
Fleming, Adams and Howe,	55 lbs. granulated sugar.	Tappan, N. Y.,	bbbl. clothing.
Flower Mission, 4th Ave.,	400 bouquets.	24 Clinton Place,	bread.
Friend,	pkg. clothing and hats.	149 E. 46th st.,	pkg. clothing.
Friend,	books.	229 W. 45th st.,	pkg. clothing.
Louazon, P.,	bread.	509 3rd Ave.,	pkg. clothing and books.
Luther, L. M. & Co.,	box lemons.		
Johnson, Mrs. G. W., Brooklyn,	2 pkgs. clothing.		
McClure, E.,	coat.		

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